EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

TOM PERRIWINKLE'S PROBLEM.

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

TOM PERRIWINKLE is the eldest son of Dr. Rufus Perriwinkle, and every one in and around New York knows the Doctor. You cannot miss seeing him; he has so many patients he is always driving about or ringing some door-bell; indeed, he visits many houses where a door-bell never tinkled, and smiles greet him wherever he goes. Kind as he is in the sick-room, and thoughtful as he is everywhere, you should see him in his home if you would know him well. He is a boy with his boys, a good big brother to his one girl; and toward "Perrie Precious," as he calls his little wife, he is all that is tender, noble, and manly. When the Doctor left college he had a pretty good knowledge of medicine, a debt of five hundred dollars, and a stout heart. He began to work, and work hard. When he mentions that period of life he always says, "When Perrie Precious and myself began to practice medicine, we had youth, hope, and perseverance for our stock in trade, but we pulled together with a will, and here we are." After a time the little country town where the Doctor began to practise grew too small for him, and he moved to New York, where both husband and wife worked hard, and were soon able to write success with a capital S.

Now Tom Perriwinkle, as the eldest son of such parents, should be wise and considerate; but he is neither. He is nearly ready to enter the School of Mines, and in his own estimation he is a very important person. Fred, the second son, attends one of the public schools, for his parents believe that a boy who must fight his way in the world should begin early in life to come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. The Doctor declares that it knocks off the sharp corners and brings out a boy's mettle. Sue is the only girl, and very like her mother, — cheery, unselfish, conscientious, and best of all, girlish. "Better one simple, true-hearted little girl than a dozen finikin little misses," says Perrie Precious; and Sue is all her mother could desire. Then there is Ronald, younger than Sue, and the baby boy whose lung power is tested by himself at least once every twenty-four hours.

The little woman who looks after all this flock is shorter than her eldest son, and looks young enough to be his sister; she works more hours than a horse-car driver or a factory operative, and the number of nights she has passed without sleep could not well be counted. She has nursed the children through earaches and toothaches and scarlet fever, mumps, measles, and all the other much-dreaded and sure-to-be-lived-through ills of children in general. If all the moments of anxiety and hours of sleeplessness could be reduced to tears, and those tears turned upon the streets of Boston and New York, I am inclined to think we should no longer cough and sneeze from dust. You may not think it possible for any child to forget all this love and devotion and self-sacrifice, but it really is the case sometimes; and I assure you that I have seen young people who never think of it at all, and others who go heedlessly on, taking all the kindness and loving attentions as a matter of course, until something happens to the good, patient mother or the indulgent father, and then it is too late to go back and live the old days over again. Tom Perriwinkle forgot himself one day, or rather he had never found his own true self, and this is what came of it. Tom was going about with boys somewhat older than himself, — boys who thought it smart and manly to speak of their father as "the Governor," or "the Old Man," and of their mother as "the Old Lady," or "the Old Girl," and these boys never knew that such vulgarity and coarseness proved them to be very weak and *un*manly. Tom did not like it. No boy of fine feeling really enjoys vulgar speech, and once or twice Tom tried to correct his friends, but they laughed at him; and Tom would not heed Fred when he said, "If I were you, I would cut boys who are not manly enough to respect their best friends." "Don't preach, youngster," was Tom's retort.

That very afternoon Tom went to his mother and asked permission to go out of town with his friends; she was sorry to refuse him, but thought it wise to do so in his father's absence. Tom persisted. His mother kindly and mildly stated her reasons for refusing his request. Then Tom grew angry, and snapped out, "Oh, nonsense, what does a woman know, anyway?" and he went out, sending the door back with a loud noise. And his mother? Well, she went to thinking. Her one object in life was to do her very best for her children; she knew the Doctor would not approve of the excursion under such circumstances, yet it was very hard to deny her boy any pleasure; and then, only a loving mother could feel the sting of those cruel words. It was so hard to have the innocent baby she had loved and cared for even *think* such thoughts.

That evening Tom was called to his father's office. The Doctor was constantly finding something new to interest his young people, — some new specimen for the microscope, some trophy from a far-off land presented by a patient, or some new scientific fact which Tom would understand.

The boy went downstairs with a bounding step, and tapped at the office door.

"Well, Pa," he said cheerily.

"Well, my boy, I have a little problem for you to work out."

"All right, sir. What is it, — another geometrical puzzle?"

"Not exactly. It is a problem which will affect your whole life, my boy; you may read it aloud if you please."

Tom took up the paper; he blushed, hesitated, and tried to stammer out some words which refused to come from his lips.

"Read it aloud, my boy; we may understand it better."

Tom read slowly, like one reading a difficult lesson: —

TOM PERRIWINKLE IN ACCOUNT WITH HIS MOTHER.

To nursing and especial care for the first three months of his life . . . . . ?
To board, washing, and mending for seventeen years . . . . . ?
To loss of sleep and night nursing . . . . . ?
" " of all social pleasures . . . . . ?
" " of study, music, reading, etc. . . . . ?
" constant attendance and daily tuition . . . ?
" toys, books, amusements . . . . . ?
" unfailing love and endless devotion . . . . ?
" suffering from temper and unkindness . . . ?
" dentist's bills, tailor's bills, shoe bills, etc. . ?
" clothing for seventeen years . . . . . ?
" all that is best and dearest in life . . . . ?
Credit . . . . . ???

"Compute that at your leisure, Tom," said the Doctor; "I must go out now to see some patients."

"But, father," said Tom, "don't you think some of this is due to you?"

Doctor Perriwinkle put his hand tenderly on the boy's head. "My boy," he said, "your mother's care has made me successful, her exertions make this home possible; and while we go on day after day following our own inclinations and pleasures, she lives for us, thinks for us, gives us her best strength, time, care, and love. I am too young to be very old-fashioned, Tom; but I want to retain, and have you imbibe, some good old-fashioned notions of honor. When a man or boy accepts the loving service of a good woman without adequate return, he is a thief, just as much as the rascal who robs a bank. The tongue that a good mother has taught to lisp its first prayer should never be soiled by one sneering word about women. Christ taught us what to think of them. Fill out those spaces with figures if you can, my son, and then tell me what you think of yourself. In the name of all that is pure and sweet, never let an American boy be guilty of less courtesy to his mother than the rudest savage accords to his chief. Good-night, my boy." Then the Doctor went out.

Tom sat still and thought a few moments. Most boys need time for thinking. By-and-by Tom rose and went upstairs; his mother was in the nursery, and the nurse met him at the door with her finger on her lip.

"If you please, Mr. Tom," she said, "don't go in now; the baby is just getting quiet, and your poor ma has not slept a wink for two nights." Tom waited in the hall, and he began to think again. She had done all this for him too. There was the time when he had rheumatic fever, and no one knew just how to touch him but his mother; then again when he fell from the ladder, and when he sprained his ankle while skating; how good she was about lessons too, — so quick at Latin, and always ready to help a fellow out. The boys often envied him his young, jolly mother; and he had told *her* that women did not know anything, — this good Perrie Precious who could fit him for college if she had time; and — the door opened softly, and Tom's mother came out. As the gas-light fell on her face, Tom saw tears in her eyes. That conquered him at once; he sprang forward and put his arms about her. "Forgive me, motherdy," he said, "I am a brute; and that horrid baby has tired you all out." To Tom's surprise his mother reached her face to his and kissed him. "Baby is better, Tom dear; we think the worst is over now, and he is much stronger than you were at his age. It is so quiet in a sick-room, I often find time to give myself a little lecture."

"*You* lecture yourself?"

"Yes, dear; to-night I was thinking over what you said to-day, and I was wondering wherein I had failed, if my boy could entertain such a poor opinion of women. You see it is so easy to make some mistake; and I am always trying to give you the very best possible home life and home love, before you all run away from me and leave me a little old woman alone with papa. I am afraid I have gone wrong *somehow*, to make you feel so; and I hate to give up my theories of life. I cling to them almost as much as I do to my babies."

"Oh, motherdy, don't say any more!" said Tom. "Your theories are like yourself, — just right and perfect; and I am the meanest, most ungrateful fellow in the world. The next time I have a tantrum just say 'Problem' to me, and bring me to my senses."

The door opened, and the Doctor entered the library, where Tom had taken his mother. When he saw the little woman's head resting on her big boy's shoulder, he said, "Well, my boy, have you worked out the problem?"

"Not quite, sir, but I am trying cancellation," was Tom's cheerful reply; and then and there Tom was forgiven.

THE ANT'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

On a little pile of earth half way down the walk between the house and the gate was an object not much larger than the point of a pin.

The house was where Dickey Danforth lived; and although Dickey had a very kind heart in his restless little body, yet he had a strong will of his own and would have liked always to have his own way. Not that he was allowed to do just as he pleased. Oh, by no means! His parents were far too wise for that, for they knew if Dickey was not made to obey while he was a boy, there was danger of his becoming a man who would not obey the laws of the country, and so might soon bring trouble and disgrace on himself and shame to them. But still Dickey hated to obey.

One day Dickey while at play suddenly noticed this wee bit of an object on the pile of earth in the middle of the walk, and as there were several little piles of the same kind he began examining them very curiously. Then he noticed that tiny specks of life were continually running in and out of the little mounds, which had a small opening at the top.

Just then Thomas the gardener came along, and seeing what Dickey was looking at said:

"Look out now, Master Dickey; don't plant yer foot on any o' those leetle nests, 'cause there 'll be mournin' if ye do."

"What kind of mourning?" Dickey asked.

"Oh, them 's ants' nests," Thomas replied, — "reg'lar little houses, jes' as good as yourn, an' if yer go to overthrowin' o' them it 'll be monstrous cruel o' ye."

Dickey heard every word Thomas said, and he knew in his heart he ought to mind the good old gardener; but just because Thomas had told him not to meddle with the little ant heaps, he became determined to do that very thing. He did not quite believe that what Thomas had said about the little houses was true, so he put his foot on first one pile, then another, until he had trodden them all down. Then he ran off to play feeling guilty, but glad he had done as he had a mind to. He only felt a little afraid lest Thomas might discover the crushed earth and perhaps tell his father.

Nothing was known, however, in the house of Dickey's cruelty; but the boy thought several times during the evening how carelessly he had trodden down what Thomas said were real homes, and as bed-time came near he wished uneasily that he had let them alone.

Dickey had been asleep some little time that night, when without waking at all he was sure he heard a little voice crying and sighing and taking on most piteously. At once his kind little heart became full of sympathy for such distress, and in a moment he saw a tiny object, no larger than the one described in the beginning of this story, creep up to his pillow, still keeping up its little moan.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Dickey.

"Oh dear, dear! Oh dear me!" piped the little creature, whose sorrowful voice seemed ten times larger than its body. "Oh dear me! I've no home, no parents, no house, nothing in this great world I can call my own, and no place to live in. Only this morning I had a beautiful home, filled with friends and with all kinds of comforts for a little thing like me; but long before the sun stopped shining this afternoon, there came a great object as large to me as a house would be to you, and it trod down, and trod down, and trod down, until the whole city where I lived and all the cities near by were trampled into dust, and now I've got to go about crying and crying all the rest of my life!"

Dickey tried to speak and comfort the poor little mourner; but at such times there is usually a spell about a person who is dreaming as Dickey was, and so, try hard as he might, never a word could he say.

The little crying went on until the voice began again: "That great giant which I think is called a 'boy' could n't say he did n't know what mischief he was doing, for I heard with my tiny ear a warning voice telling him not to touch our snug little cities; but he is the kind of a 'boy' who does not obey; so to work he went trampling and killing every one of my kind. I happened to be out on an errand and so was spared."

Then the ant said a very strange, knowing thing for such a tiny creature. It began: —

"I do not know exactly who made me, perhaps not the same great One who made the 'boy;' but if I could only find Him, I'd tell my great sorrows and beg to have back my friends, my home, my dear delights so sadly lost!"

At these words a great terror seized poor Dickey. What if the ant should pour out its little cry before its Maker, whom Dickey knew well to be the same kind God who made him? Then what, oh what, would God do to such a naughty boy! What if he should send a great pitiless giant to destroy everything and everybody he loved! Dear, dear! what if he should! It would only be what he himself had done to the poor little ant.

Such a dreadful fear came over Dickey at this thought, that with a great cry he awoke — and there was his own blessed mamma bending over him and wanting to know what could be the matter with her little boy.

It was such a relief to tell mamma the whole story, and then hear her gentle, soothing voice, even though she had to speak some words of reproof and blame.

She said it was indeed a very cruel thing to injure any of God's creatures, be they ever so small. But she also said that God would forgive him if he was truly sorry and would resolve to obey what others said, and in the future would be kind to even a speck of an ant.

The next day Thomas the gardener wondered what Dickey could be doing, he worked so long and patiently. The truth was, he was very carefully carrying several ants from around the down-trodden piles, across the lawn and to a spot where were several other little heaps of earth like the ones he had destroyed.

He was too young to know that the ants who were left living would soon have built new houses and cities for themselves; but Dickey had learned his lesson well, for he never again was cruel to any of God's helpless little creatures.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

History and Biography.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

I imagine some of my young friends think it would be a fine thing to be famous; to be handsome, interesting, and talented; to have their company eagerly sought, and their sayings and doings loudly heralded. Beauty and talent are, indeed, good gifts; but the kingly power of self-control is a far better one, and one within the reach of all. Without it there may be great misery, notwithstanding bright gifts of mind and heart and an attractive presence, notwithstanding great fame. Listen to these words, written by one who possessed the good gifts of which I have spoken, but lacked the self-control that can make even a life of denial worth living: "I have only known existence by the pressure of sickness and counted time by the repercussions of pain. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope." These were the words of the poet Burns, who wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson," "The Jolly Beggars," "To a Mountain Daisy," and "To Mary in Heaven."

That part of Scotland in which Burns was born and spent his early years is oftener spoken of now by his loving countrymen as the "Burns Country" than as Ayrshire, which is its geographical name.

Robert Burns was born in January, 1759. His father was a peasant, a good man, who is pictured for us in the beautiful poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Burns's early life was a life of poverty and hardship. He was very fond of reading. He used often to eat his meals with a book in his hand, and often carried a small volume in his pocket to read whenever he had a moment of leisure. He would read at night in a cold room, and during the day, in the midst of his work, would think over the books he had read. He was fond of nature, enjoying the woods and fields, the trees and flowers. He once said: "I have often turned out of my path lest I should disturb the birds in their little songs or frighten them to another station." He enjoyed nature, also, in her sterner moods. He liked to walk out on the cold winter days and battle with the rough wind.

His first volume of poems was published in 1786. Their success was marvellous. It is said "the country murmured of him from sea to sea." The first edition yielded him but little money, but introduced him to the best society of Edinburgh. He would go from brilliant gatherings, where he had charmed professors, lords, and ladies, to sleep in a garret room which he shared with another writer.

The second edition was more successful. He left Edinburgh, married Jean Armour, and began his wedded life on a farm. The farm did not prosper. He published more poetry that brought him but small return. His political views made him very unpopular. His misfortunes weighed upon his spirits. He increased his troubles by trying to forget them in drink. His health failed, and he early grew old. From this sickness and depression he never rallied, and soon after died.

It is sad to think that one whose works have given so much pleasure to so many people should have known so little of joy himself, and have died at the early age of thirty-seven.

He was fine-looking, his manners were winning, and his conversation charming. Sir Walter Scott said of his eyes: "They were large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head." He was warm-hearted, generous, sincere in his friendships, and never failed to be grateful for kindness.

I hope my young readers may seek to become acquainted with his poems. It has been said that "The Cotter's Saturday Night" alone would have given the poet a permanent place in literature.

Our Letter-Box.

In answer to "A Reader" we would say that anything addressed to the Editor of Every Other Sunday, No. 25 Beacon Street, Boston, will reach us. The two letters printed below, together give the whole of the quotation referred to by our correspondent in No. XIV. We are glad to see the interest taken in the subject. G. E. M.'s other communications have reached us. His enigma will appear in good time.

To the Editor of Every Other Sunday:

Dear Sir, — I am a constant reader of your interesting paper, and hope it will continue to prosper for many years to come. You asked some one to look up what Shakspeare says in regard to the bees. I have found it, and will copy it for you.

". . . For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, buried in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

How well Shakspeare has used the comparison! I am sure some of the older boys and girls would enjoy reading the play of "King Henry V."

A Reader.

Dorchester, Mass.

To the Editor of Every Other Sunday:

Dear Sir, — Some of the words Shakspeare makes the Archbishop of Canterbury use about bees, to describe a good government, are: —

"Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
. . . . . .
I this infer, —
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat."

Truly yours,

Geo. E. McMurdie.

Augusta, Me.

ENIGMA XXIX.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 5, 8, 6, is a kind of fish.
My 1, 2, 9, is a small lump.
My 10, 11, 12, 8, 13, is an action performed when coasting.
My 7, 4, 3, is to gain.
My whole was a famous lawyer.

Bertha A. Bailey.

To the Editor of Every Other Sunday:

Dear Sir, — My sister takes your paper, and she and I have very nice times together getting out the puzzles. I was very sorry to see about the boy that hurt his finger. I send you my first enigma, hoping to see it in your paper.

I am yours truly,

E. H. W.

ENIGMA XXX.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 15, 11, is a small domestic animal.
My 6, 2, 12, 13, is the covering of a house.
My 15, 16, 9, 18, is the Grecian name for a god which forms one of the Zodiac.
My 1, 2, 6, 4, is one of the staple products of the United States.
My 2, 3, 4, 1, 9, is a measure of weight.
My 5, 15, 10, is one of the chief products of North Carolina.
My 13, 15, 11, 9, is inevitable.
My 8, 15, 5, is a small winged creature.
My 14, 17, 9, 1, 9, is a fragment.
My 7, 15, 16, is an implement to propel a boat.
My whole is the title of one of Scott's novels.

E. H. W.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 1, 2, 19, is a color.
My 18, 20, 21, is what horses like.
My 13, 32, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a boy's name.
My 3, 4, 16, 32, 12, is what we like two or three times a day.
My 30, 13, 8, 19, is not easy.
My 5, 20, 21, is a girl's name.
My 10, 11, 13, 32, 22, 30, is what all desire.
My 14, 26, 19, is an article of furniture.
My 15, 23, 16, 8, 19, 12, is what carpenters use.
My 12, 30, 25, is a pronoun.
My 27, 20, 28, 32, is something that holds water.
My 30, 7, 20, 29, is what we have in summer.
My 12, 32, 33, is what foxes are.
My 24, 28, 17, 7, is a boy's plaything.
My 32, 31, 20, 19, is a burden to carry.
My whole is one of the Commandments.

Marion Fuller.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. XV.

Enigma XXIII. Miriam.
Enigma XXIV. A place for everything, and everything in its place.
Enigma XXV. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

For Youngest Readers.

JOHN EMERSON'S PET, — THE TAME MOUSE.

BY K. HAGAR.

THE sober old teacher noticed an unusual giggling in her recitation-room. She looked sharply at the thirty-five scholars seated on long benches in front of her. Those who caught her glance still smiled; finally, with the keenness that many years of experience in teaching had given her, she saw that the centre of attraction, the cause of all this commotion, was a certain bright-eyed, honest-looking boy by the name of John Emerson. A gentle little girl, the youngest in the room, said, as she saw the teacher's anxious look, "Please, ma'am, it's only Emerson's mouse."

"Emerson's mouse!" exclaimed the surprised teacher; "does Emerson's mouse come to school?"

A great burst of laughter was the response to her question. As soon as it was hushed, John came forward, and while all the scholars looked curiously at him and his pet, he explained. It seems that the boy had the habit of relieving the tedium of the long hours in the schoolroom by cultivating the friendship of this mouse. It began by the creature's eating the crumbs of a bit of cake which John had brought for his own luncheon. After this he fed the mouse regularly. It was a pity, the teacher thought, that he could not devote himself as constantly to his lessons.

The wise teacher, however, was as much interested in John's story as were the children. She examined carefully the little creature, which, nestling comfortably in the boy's hand, looked fearlessly at her out of its little bright, black, bead-like eyes.

"The saying, 'Timid as a mouse, or shy as a mouse,' does not apply to your pet, does it?" said the teacher.

"It will sometimes sit up and hold a bit of cheese in its fore paws," said John, beginning to be proud of his pet.

"What soft, velvety fur! but what a long tapering tail, — about half the length of its body."

"I'll see how long it is," said James Robinson, taking a ruler and measuring.

"You need n't," interrupted John; "I have measured it. It was about five inches, tail and all; now it is seven inches."

"It has whiskers like a cat, — black," said James.

"Did you know that house-mice came over here in the ships with the Europeans when they discovered America?" asked the teacher. "There are several varieties of mice: There is the harvest or meadow mouse, — that is a little creature, only about two inches long, but it does much injury to the meadows and the stacks of hay and grain; then there is the jumping mouse, — you will know that because its hind legs are more than twice the length of its fore legs."

"Like a kangaroo," interrupted one of the boys.

"Yes; and then at the South there is a kind called cotton-mouse."

"Why is it called cotton-mouse?"

"Because it steals the cotton from the planter for its nest. The rice-field mouse troubles him in another way, — scratching up the newly planted rice, or eating it in the milky state."

"They are pests, anyway; at least, so Mother says," remarked John. "I found out in the barn a cunning nest with seven little mice in it, and Mother made me give every one of them to the cat."

The teacher smiled at John's lugubrious expression, and concluded by saying, "I have read that in the time of Aristotle a mouse was shut up in a chest of grain, and in a short time one hundred and twenty individuals were counted, — all the progeny of that one mouse. We don't want too many of them about our houses."

THE PET DOVE.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE TORTOISE-SHELL BUTTERFLY.

BY SOLON F. WHITNEY.

THE beautiful picture on the first page of the Easter number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY was particularly appropriate. The butterfly that sat for her portrait amid the flowers and leaves, vying with the rose in its colors, lovely amid thorns and roughness, is one of the earliest butterflies to awaken from the sleep of winter. This butterfly is one of the angle-wings, probably the *Vanessa urticæ*, or small tortoise-shell (*Aglais urticæ* of Linnæus), which is very common in Europe. Its life history, too, makes it a very instructive illustration of the Easter season. Like the first flowers of spring, it is enabled to make its appearance so early in the season because of the preparation made during a former season. It was a favorite notion of the Athenians that their goddess Minerva sprang into being fully armed and equipped, perfect in every part, from the head of Jupiter. So it might be pleasant poetry to speak of our butterfly as coming out from the unknown in perfect maturity, at the first outburst of spring, ready for its new life in the sunshine and among the flowers. But the real history of this insect is no less beautiful and far more instructive, being more in harmony with the origin and growth of all things.

The nettle tortoise-shell butterfly awakes from the sleep of winter about the Easter season, and may be seen flitting among the young nettle-plants during the warmer, pleasanter days of April and early May, when the young, in the form of small caterpillars, are observed feeding on the tender leaves. These change to chrysalids early in June. By the middle of June they come out perfect butterflies; then they repeat this series of changes twice by September, thus making three generations in each year. Now the September brood of butterflies begin according to their strength and perfectness to hibernate; that is, to hide in some protected place and go into a wintry sleep, from which those which are so fortunate as to escape destruction from the numerous enemies that feed or prey upon them, and from the accidents, the storms, the conflicts of Nature, will awake in maturity at the beginning of another season about Easter time, ready to rejoice in the outburst of renewed life. They will be ready also to bear their witness to the delicate, loving care of the all-bountiful Creator, who not only rules the nations upon earth and guides the countless worlds that pursue their regular, appointed ways beyond the farthest sight of telescope or well-trained imagination, but also remembers to provide for the necessary wants of the tiniest insect, which only the microscope can make known to the minds of men.

The young of our tortoise-shell butterfly thrives and grows vigorous on the tender leaves of the nettle, that plant which repels by its stinging little thorns the approach of almost all other creatures. But the very thorns which keep others away protect this little caterpillar, which somehow learns, or is taught, to adapt itself to its surroundings. Does this not teach us that we should not complain of those adverse circumstances which seem at times to make us so unfortunate, but, avoiding what is injurious to us, seek in each thing or in each place to so adjust ourselves to the laws of Nature that we shall find good everywhere and in everything?

Then our butterfly teaches another lesson. It does not encourage the idea that something may come out of nothing, — that beautiful life is the result of chance. Its life began in the depth of the previous summer. It was then that stores of mature food were used to give the strength and vigor which would best enable their possessor to endure the blasts of winter. The more perfectly its life then conformed to the laws of growth, and the more sturdily it did the work then before it, the more perfect has it been in its butterfly state.

What child is there who cannot see in the butterfly a monitor to lead it to duty, as well as an expression of the overflowing joy there is in all Nature? The butterfly, as well as the flowers, comes forth in beauty to give us delight, and that delight is only increased by a more thorough study of the wonderful laws and harmonies of their surroundings in Nature.

Yes, Easter signifies in Nature, as well as in our human world, an awakening to renewed life under more favorable conditions and with a surer progress toward perfection.

THE FOOLISH NASTURTIUM.

BY E. D. CHAPMAN.

CONSTANCE GRAY had a little garden all her own in the country, where she lived in the summer-time. She had planted her seeds in April and May; and now that July had fairly come, there was quite a display of green leaves, bright-colored flowers, and running vines. Just at the foot of a large rough rock she had put into the ground a handful of fine plump nasturtium seeds, which, as all good little seeds should, sent up some leaflets with the first warm weather; and then more leaflets came, and more still, until they became very flourishing vines, clinging to the rock for support, and putting out buds and shoots as fast as possible.

Constance always ran down to look at her garden every morning after breakfast; and when the first nasturtium flower began to peep out and show its bright golden color, she was a very happy little girl. She went back to the house to tell her mother and big sister Louise about it, and beg them to come and look at it; and so they put on their shade hats, and walked down behind the barn to look at the lovely nasturtium.

"Mamma dear," said Constance, "it will be out by to-morrow, won't it? But I shall not pick it. I am going to let it go to seed, for Michael told me the first flowers make the largest seeds for planting next year; and I 'm going to save this one. And there will be plenty of flowers afterward for me to have; Michael says so, and Michael knows everything."

Just as Constance said, with the next day's sun the beautiful golden nasturtium opened wide, its five petals turned back to drink in all the light it could, and down at the bottom of the long tube behind was honey safely tucked away, where only the insects with very long probosces could reach it. A whole week that flower kept bright, and then its petals dropped off one by one; and if Constance had not known about it, she would have thought it quite dead, and useless. But it was not, for almost at once the end of the stem where the nasturtium had been, began to grow round and fat; and as the hot July days came and went, it grew rounder and fatter, until three plump little seeds were there, all fastened together. By August Constance was quite sure it was time to pick it, and one day as she was standing in front of the vine, she said quite aloud to herself, "I have n't time now; but to-morrow I will come down here with my little mug, and pick this largest bunch. The other seeds are not quite big enough yet." She ran away; for Michael was calling to her to climb into the phaeton if she wanted to drive to the station to meet her papa. Just as soon as she was well out of sight, this little bunch of seeds began to talk.

"What does Constance mean to do with us?" they asked.

"Why, plant us, of course," answered a smaller seed from a little lower down on the vine.

"Where will she plant us?"

"In the earth at our feet, I suppose; that is where most seeds go."

"Not in that black looking stuff, away down there, ugh!" and the bunch of seeds shook with disgust.

"It 's where we all came from," said the little seed.

"What if we did! all the more reason we should not go back again. Do you suppose after spending two good months in climbing up to this height, we should do all the climbing over again, another year? No, indeed, I mean to begin where I leave off. There is a nice ledge in the rock near by, and we will drop down on that before Constance can pick us."

The proud little seeds stopped talking just for want of breath; and then they heard a very sweet voice, coming from the nearest flower.

"Oh, dear, dear," it said, "what a mistake you will make!"

"I should like to ask why?" said the seeds. "It is well to get on in the world, every one says that; and by beginning as high up as this ledge, sha'n't we be all the taller by next August? It is the only way to reach the sky."

"But you will have nothing to live on," said the neighbor flower.

"Nothing? Well, there you are wrong. In the first place, the sun shines there all day long, and we get our color from that; in the second, the rain comes in and makes a little pool for our feet, and water helps us to put out fresh green leaves; in the third, the wind blows over the ledge, and so we shall have plenty of air to breathe. What can you want more?"

"A little good solid food," said the flower, "which you can only get out of the earth, black as it looks." The seeds hardly listened to this last remark. They were like a great many children who think their way is best, and will not pay attention to what their mothers say.

"Dear me, no, we should not think of letting Constance pick us, if she were only going to plant us down where we came from. We will start from this rock right here; and how surprised and delighted the little girl will be, to see us so far in advance of the other vines next summer!"

Plump! thud! and off came the seeds; they rolled directly into the crevice in the rock, just where they wanted to go, three proud and happy seeds.

"Good-by," said the smaller seed left on the vine. "I am sorry to lose you, but I mean to let Constance pick me and start my growing in the old way; I think it is better not to change."

The very next day, Constance came running over the grass; her hat, caught by the elastic under her chin, was hanging down her back. She had a bright tin mug in her hand, and of course was going to pick the seeds. She reached the vine all out of breath; for her run had started with Leo, the water spaniel, and he always led her a chase. She knew perfectly well where the seeds grew, she could have found them in the

dark; for she had looked at them so much every day that she could not help remembering. She stooped over the rock, lifted the flat shield of one of the leaves, and put her thumb and forefinger together all ready to nip off the bunch. What was her surprise to find not a seed there!

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I ought to have picked them yesterday. I left them too long; but perhaps I can find them on the ground."

She flattened herself out in the grass, and peeped under the leaves and among the stems; she turned over some dry twigs, and felt everywhere. But they were not to be found. "Perhaps they have rolled into the grass," she thought; but all her searching there was useless. The seeds were lost; and she must wait until the others were ripe enough to pick. The three fat seeds all this time were laughing to themselves; and if they had had eyes, as potatoes have, who knows but they would have winked them at Constance in a sly way.

"Well, well," they chuckled to themselves, "won't we give her a surprise next summer, when our little root-leaves start away up here in the rock, and we shall be so much taller than any other nasturtiums?"

Now let me tell you what *did* happen the next summer. The very little seeds who had been contented to ripen and be picked by Constance, with many others, were planted the following May. The warm days that came in June hurried the vine along at a great rate; so that by the glorious Fourth, they were quite up to the ledge in the rock. When the first blossom that came out had put its pretty red lip just over the edge, it heard a faint sigh.

"Dear me, who 's sighing?" said the flower.

"Oh! oh!" came from the rock.

"Who are you?" said the nasturtium, tenderly. "I don't see any one."

"Three seeds who are just about dead. We thought we were very wise, and tried to grow here; but we had nothing to live on, and so we are good for nothing."

"Why, to be sure," said the flower. "I know about you. You are the seeds who a year ago were not willing to start where you came from. You are not as fat as you were then."

"Indeed, we are but skin and bones, and very wretched; we are starving to death."

"I am so sorry for you," sighed the flower; "but you would not listen to advice, you would n't humble yourself, and so you have to suffer. I started from the little seeds, you remember, who talked to you about growing in the old way, and I find, as the seed said then, it is the only way to get on in the world. Take a low seat until some one tells you to go up higher. The black earth told me, the warm sun helped me; so here I am. And after all I believe I am going to beat you; for I am nearer the sky now than you are. Good-by."

"Good-by," sighed the seeds, quite faintly; and they shrivelled up still more as they sighed. "How proud we were then, and now there is n't enough of us left to be seen! Oh, why were we so foolish?"

Just then a stiff summer breeze came along, and the gorgeous flower danced lightly on its stem, bending and courtseying in a very graceful way; but the three dried-up seeds were carried away from the crevice out into the world, where they were entirely lost sight of and never heard of again.

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others.

THE BUTTERCUP PARTY.

BY H. G. DURYEE.

"Auntie Beth?"

"Yes, dear."

"I wish you 'd advise me;" and the twelve-year-old bit of maidenhood regarded her aunt with a severely wrinkled brow.

"I want a party dreadfully, — all the other girls are having them, you know, — but mamma says it will take a good deal of money to have the kind the other girls have had, and she thinks I'll regret it. Now, what do you think?"

Aunt Beth held up her bit of embroidery for a moment and regarded it critically.

"Why, dear," she answered at last, "I hardly know what to say."

The canary sung blithely through the break in the sentence, and Alice watched her aunt. She was sure of the "advice" she had asked for. Aunt Beth never failed one.

"The party would give you and your friends pleasure, I don't doubt; but there are many children in the city who never have a party."

Alice dropped her eyes. That was just what mamma had said, and — she thought — she was quite sure, in fact, that she did n't like it.

"But my not having a party would n't help them any, would it?" she asked, fingering her apron uneasily.

"No, my dear, unless" — and again the canary sang away as if he knew all about it, and meant to tell too.

"I think of a plan," resumed the sweet voice; and Alice looked up a little more hopefully.

Everybody knows that an aunt's "plans" are sure to be worthy of consideration; and Alice, quite as much as other nieces, had reason to value this inventive genius.

"Why not give a buttercup party?"

"I never heard of one."

"Well, it is something new, I 'll admit," laughed Aunt Beth. "But I think it could be made quite simple and pleasant. Ask your friends to come and spend an afternoon picking buttercups and daisies with you. We will have a nice lunch for the girls, and then when the flowers are all picked, we will box them carefully and send them to some of the poor sick children in New York who can't see the country."

The blue eyes sparkled for a moment, but then grew dull again.

"That would be doing good, I suppose; only I don't know any sick children, and I'm sure the other girls don't either."

"Oh, I 'll manage that; so go at once and invite your friends."

Although it was really a week after this that the party came off, it did n't seem more than two days; for Alice, with Aunt Beth's help, made nearly all the cake herself. The things were so simple that they cost very little; but how good they did taste to those twelve hungry girls! The fun of picking daisies and buttercups had given them all such an appetite that they never thought of bonbons or expensive fruit.

The egg sandwiches were better than the sweetest candy, and the sponge cake and raised doughnuts were declared to be the most delightful specimens of their kind ever tasted.

Alice glowed with happy pride, but in her honest heart made several attempts to explain Aunt Beth's assistance as cook. None of these efforts, however, were successful, for Aunt Beth, without seeming to do so, nipped every one in the bud.

So everybody ate and laughed until there was hardly a morsel of the lunch left. Then with willing hands four boxes were carefully packed.

"They are going to a New York orphan asylum," Aunt Beth had explained; and when all were ready but putting the covers on she asked, "Would n't you like to write a note for each box and send with them?"

"Oh, let 's!" exclaimed the many voices, and therewith four badly written and peculiarly spelled notes were sent off with the boxes of simple country flowers.

After that the girls went home, voting the buttercup party a great success, but adding it would be still greater if they could only hear from their letters. Very much to their surprise, they did hear from them in less than a week. A letter came from the matron, full of thanks, and with it a number of queer-looking documents from the motherless waifs shut in by city walls.

"I don't want to cry," said Alice, reading one letter after another to her friends in her cosey parlor, "but I know I shall!"

That made the girls laugh, and with wet eyes they made a grand rush for Aunt Beth, who was just coming into the room. "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" chorused the jumble of voices, and then an avalanche of arms entirely eclipsed the originator of the "buttercup party."

A SUNDAY-MORNING'S TALK.

Rev. Mr. Snyder, of St. Louis, recently made a pleasant address to the First Parish Sunday-school of Dorchester. I was so interested in it that I wish the readers of the Every Other Sunday to have the benefit of it too, and I will try to give a short account of it.

In an old spoon-holder was an old silver spoon, and, strange to say, this spoon could talk. It was very many years old, and it showed the marks of the teeth of three generations of babies. It was very happy and contented, and thought little about its battered appearance.

One day another spoon was slipped in beside it, and this new spoon was very shiny and bright. It felt very proud of its fine dress, and seldom spoke to the old spoon unless to lament that it had been placed near such an ugly thing. The new spoon was used very often, and after it had been used it was always polished and put back in its place. One day the old spoon for the first time spoke to the new one, and said, "What is the matter with your edge?" "*I* don't know. What *is* the matter with it?" asked the new spoon. "It is all yellow," said the old spoon. "Oh, that stupid girl has n't cleaned me thoroughly, she is *so* lazy!" was the reply, in a cross tone. "Your other edge is showing through, and you are nothing but a plated spoon," was the declaration made by the old silver spoon. "And," it continued, "if you were melted in a crucible there would be very little silver found in the pot; whereas *I* am made of solid silver, and *I* could be moulded into a new spoon very easily." It was rather unkind, though, of the old spoon to speak thus, and I am afraid we can't excuse it.

One day a mother said to her little boy, "Charlie, won't you just run upstairs and get my apron?" "*Oh, I can't. Ask Maria,*" said Charlie. Then Maria, his little sister, said, "I will go for it, Mamma;" and she felt well rewarded by her mother's look of love.

A little while after Charlie's rich Uncle John came in "Well, Charlie, have you been a good boy?" "Yes, sir," replied Charlie; and he ran to get his uncle a chair. Then his mother asked him to get her some water. "Yes, ma'am," replied Charlie, pleasantly, and immediately left the room to do her bidding.

Charlie was very willing to help his mother when some one was near to praise him, but when he was left alone he did not pay so much attention to her requests; and the polish of his character being worn off, his thoughtless, unkind spirit was seen through, just as the brass was seen on the edges of the spoon. I am afraid there was not much of the true silver in Charlie's character.

Now, dear readers, which are you making your characters like, — a silver or a plated spoon?

B. K.

Teachers' Department.

HOW TO TEACH THE BIBLE HISTORIES.

At the March meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Union Professor Emerton of Harvard University gave a most interesting address on the general topic of the method of studying history.

Professor Emerton said that historical truth differs from mathematical truth in that the latter is in accordance with certain fixed laws, which are independent of all other things and have no relation to the mind. It is also unlike that truth which is based on the operations of the mind, — philosophical truth. Neither can it be classed with theological truth, which is dependent on our preconception of God and his relation to man and the universe. Historical truth is nearer akin to judicial truth, which is based on a high degree of probability, in accordance with the evidence of human beings in regard to human things.

The first process in our historical method is to examine the material we have to use, consisting of laws, literature, documents, monuments, etc., and ascertain how much of this is genuine. The whole body of our knowledge has been and is still being put to this test. We cannot do this ourselves for many histories, most of us for none. But we can do it through the works of those who make this their business.

In teaching history to a child we find this difficulty. His mind distinguishes between two great lines of thought, the true and the false. But it is not easy to make him understand that these things may go along together. He cannot, however, comprehend the great total of historic teaching without grasping this idea, — that a statement may be partly true and partly false.

The Bible histories should be treated as one treats the books of Livy or the chronicles of the Middle Ages or the letter in to-day's paper, for published matter becomes history. One should never hesitate to compare the stories of those days with the history which is being made at the present time. Much of the old teaching of history was done by repeating questions and answers by rote from the text-book. This is the most soul-destroying method ever used, and should be entirely done away with in Sunday-school. Lay the three foundations of geography, race, and chronology, and you will in this way bring the Bible stories clearly into relation with the world's history.

Many people like to study history biographically. In teaching this way, be sure to give each character its proper setting of time and place and relationship one to the other, holding firmly to the thought that this is human history and part of the life in which we all share.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding, in speaking of the Old Testament histories, said those accounts were unique because they are the religious interpretation of the records of a people whose actual national life did not differ materially from that of other nations. But their wonderful prophets saw everything in relation to Deity. Whether it be historically true or legendary, you have God manifest in their history. He is in all history, but Israel saw and recorded His presence.

To give the child the right point of view, one could well take the story of Jonah, show that this is a parable and worthless, so far as history is concerned. In the Persian era of the history of Israel, one man rose up and protested against the narrowness which was destined to make Judaism what it afterward became, proclaiming the grand truth that God cared as much for Nineveh as for Israel. It cannot be considered a contribution to the knowledge of the time in which Jeroboam lived, for it gives no historic facts of that period. These stories may not be made to bring forth true history; but this human history is not an aimless wandering over a road which men do not understand, but a steady march of mankind along the ages, so that we can see from age to age that which mankind has gained. The speaker advised doing a good deal of the parallel teaching which had been mentioned. Take the age of Solomon, — that splendid business age, — and show how like it is unto the life of to-day. Make the children understand the spirit of Theodore Parker's and Charles Sumner's lives and work, and from that can be brought out a true conception of the characters of Isaiah and Jeremiah. By taking section by section and parallel by parallel, one can do almost anything in the way of making these Old Testament stories fresh and living histories.

Rev. H. N. Brown thought that one great source of trouble in dealing with the gospel teaching was in our effort to make the child see things just as we saw them. Children will have their own childish ideas, and we ought not to be shocked by the imperfectness of their conceptions. What we can do is to plant the seed of our thought, which may grow in time to our own capacity. We must be careful about the soil in which this seed is planted. The child's imagination must be enlisted: without this we can do nothing. He cannot see abstractions, but can see and understand pictures. Therefore make a picture or poem of events instead of cramming them as dry facts into the child's brain.

The miracles are a stumbling-block to teachers. They cannot all receive the same treatment. All one can do is to offer frankly this thought in regard to them: that underneath the partly distorted record there are some real facts. Another great difficulty in gospel teaching is the fact that so many of the virtues displayed in the life of Christ are "passive" virtues. It is difficult for a child to understand that attitude of mind which, in the presence of danger, simply sits down and endures or waits. The lesson that these passive virtues really stand for the highest kind of activity may be enforced by illustrations. Take the waves of the sea. What a tumult they create! But compare them with the waves of light, which are perfectly silent, yet with a velocity beyond our conception, and accomplishing marvels which find no equivalent in the restless movements of the sea.

Mr. Brown drew attention to the methods of the kindergartners, who believe everything should be presented to children in a state of activity. In commending their methods as of great value in Sunday-school teaching, the speaker outlined a dramatic version of the life of Jesus, subdividing it into three periods, each of which reached its culmination in some leading event of Christ's life: the baptism, that of the first period of joy and promise; the transfiguration, that of the second stage of fulfilment, unknown to Jesus himself, of his life-work in having sown the seeds of truth in the minds of his disciples; while the final period, covering the last days, culminates in the crucifixion. This last theme the speaker believed was generally too lightly dwelt on. The humanity of Jesus should be made strongly prominent in all teaching, and children should learn to realize the measure of his sufferings.

Rev. E. H. Hall, in speaking of Saint Paul, said that in studying his life we must consider three things, — his writings, his doctrines, and the man himself. We find in the New Testament the book of Acts and fourteen letters purporting to come from Paul himself. The old method of treating this matter, in vogue till the last half-century, forbade any questioning of its authenticity. The new method says, If there be anything not genuine here, we owe it to Paul to show it to be so, and throw it aside. So to-day no one believes that the Epistle of the Hebrews was written by Paul, since the spirit of it is so different from that of the other Epistles. The Epistles to Timothy and Titus could not be made to correspond to events in Paul's life which are found in the other letters. If the rest were Paul's, these could not be; and the others have the better evidence in their favor. The book of Acts has been commonly said to be unassailable: here was authentic history written by Luke, an eye-witness. But this book has been found to be largely made up of quoted sayings, the personal pronoun changing frequently; and so it has been shown to be simply a memorandum of facts made up by some one who lived in that age, the writer probably never having seen Paul. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians shows us exactly what Paul's relation was to Peter, which the book of Acts never does. When, in studying Paul's doctrines, any passages were found that sounded as though he believed in predestination and the divinity of Jesus, these were formerly explained away by some spiritualizing of their meaning. To-day, we must confess, whether we like it or not, that Paul did hold these ideas. He was simply filled with the thought of eighteen hundred years ago, as we are with that of the present century. We may not be able to prove Paul to have been a Unitarian, but we shall give him his proper place in the development of human thought. Our method allows us to make out what sort of a being Paul was; and we find that it results in placing him among the great heroic lives in the world, — one of its religious heroes. If we accomplish this, it is wholly through the process of modern thought applied to the study of these ancient histories.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Unitarian church at South Scituate, Rev. John Tunis, pastor, has organized a Religious Guild of its young people.

Copies of the constitution and ritual of the "Guild of the Good Shepherd" (of the Unitarian church in Springfield, Mass.), may be obtained at the rooms of the American Unitarian Association 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Rev. C. F. Dole's interesting story-tract on temperance, "The Siberian Toboggan Slide," has been printed in a neat pamphlet by the Dorchester (Mass.) "True Helpers," and has been distributed by friends of the temperance cause in several of our Sunday-schools. For copies of this tract, address Rev. C. R. Eliot, Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Kate L. Brown's beautiful poem, "Child Eric's Pilgrimage," was used for recitation and singing in some of our Sunday-schools at their Easter concerts. The Editor of Every Other Sunday had the privilege of listening to an admirable rendering of the poem by the pupils of the Unitarian Sunday-school at Whitman, Mass.

A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form.

There grows within each heart, as in a shrine,
The giant image of Perfection.

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what 's a heaven for?

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